The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined Together, let not Man put Asunder."

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The Poet's Corner.

THE SISTERS.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush and hearken!" she cried in fear;
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea and the plash of rain,
And roar of the northeast hurricane.

Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor at Anisquam.

And if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried:

"O Sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth!"

She came and stood by her sister's bed;
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done;
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

Little will reck that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living and mine the dead!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our Special Contributors.

THE GENIUS OF "BOFFIN'S BOWER."

BY RACHEL RAY.

Perhaps there is no more ardent and appreciative lover of Dickens' literature in the city of Boston than Miss Jennie Collins. It was, therefore, eminently appropriate that she should characteristically name her institution for working-women "Boffin's Bower," though let us hope Mr. Wegg does not resort to that cheerful place of recreation to enlighten the public on "The Rise and Fall off the Rooshan Empire."

Jennie Collins is a somewhat spare woman, of medium height, with bright hazel eyes, light hair, thin features, and a heart, as my old grandmother used to say, "as big as a meeting house." The people of the "Hub" know all about Jennie's peculiarities—and some of them are very queer—but they know well her pure and disinterested love of doing good; her spirit of helpfulness, which makes her a true disciple of Him who said: "If any would be great among you, let him be a servant."

It is rumored that long before our heroine became as well known as she now is, there were persons in the "Hub" who, metaphorically speaking, turned up their noses at Jennie; whereupon she was wont to say: "The day will come yet when you will be proud of the acquaintance of Jennie Collins." And that day has come.

All I know of the early life of Jennie Collins is that she was born in New England, and is an entirely self-educated woman. Her culture, if culture you can call it, makes nothing of the "mint and anise," such as the Boston literati worship. She does not bow the knee to Baal, or cry: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" but her rugged, strong soul, simple and tender, too, as a little child's, takes mighty hold of all real books, and revels in history and poetry and true romance. Jennie has the literary appetite of an ostrich; and I believe her first efforts at speech-making were given in private, in delineations of historical female characters.

At an early age she learned the trade of a tailoress, and for many years worked in a shop. It would seem that her eager, acquisitive, original mind must have stimulated very healthfully the young women who associated with her; for she is fond of telling of how the custom was practiced among them of choosing a "question for the day," and of entering into lively discussions on improving subjects, rather than spending the time in idle gossip.

Like scores of others belonging to the alert-minded working people of Boston, Jennie probably owes the best part of her spiritual and mental growth to Theodore Parker. He was the man after her own heart, to whom she reverently listened, while the great truths of religion and humanity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, which he preached, sank deep into her soul. The work done for heart and spirit was altogether ennobling; but, externally, Jennie calls herself a "rough diamond." If she took on the smooth and conciliating ways of the world, which are, in some sense, compromises with honesty, it seems that Jennie would lose her distinctive character. To over-refined, dilettanti people, there is doubtless something that causes a shiver of the nerves in her terrible adherance to truth-telling, her clear insight, and trenchant speech.

But under the rind, which may seem a little harsh and astringant at times, there is a great, loving, bounteous nature, that would reach down into the slums and gutters, and pluck away the very least and lowest of God's erring little ones; a strong, heroic soul, mighty to save the fallen and lift up the weak.

Nobody, perhaps, ever hated shams worse than Jennie Collins. She has stood bravely just in the place where life found her, and has worked there for others and for herself, apparently without any vain and idle aspirings.

When the war of the rebellion broke out Jennie's nature was fired with patriotism. Lincoln became her idol. She worked, by every means in her power, to forward the cause of loyalty; and at last these efforts culminated in her partial adoption of fourteen sick and wounded soldiers, whom, by her individual labors as I have been informed, she supported for four years, and not only supported, but actually educated, fitting them for various sorts of business, by means of which they are now enabled to earn an honest livelihood. She sold the photographs of her "soldier boys" in the streets of Boston. Charitably-disposed people, knowing the heroic effort she was making, aided her in the work; and, at last, after years of disinterested labor, she had the immense satisfaction of seeing her proteges in a condition to help themselves.

Some three years ago, Jennie made her first essay at public speaking before a rough audience, composed of men and boys of a low order. Her perfect honesty, the readiness of speech, by which she was enabled to strike out a new vein of female oratory, and to discard all notes and methods of previous preparation, have given her immense influence over the people to whom her appeals are principally made. She has a quick and nimble wit, and the kind of audacity which is always a passport to popular favor. She never fails to stir folks up pretty severely when she begins with her one characteristic gesture, to saw the air, her hand doubled up into a sort of missile, which looks as if she meant to administer condign punishment on anybody that should dare to peep in opposition to her sentiments. Her success as a popular speaker, in the class to which she belongs, is already assured. She never fails to put herself at once

en rapport with her audience. There she stands, a plain workwoman, in a work-woman's dress, without pretense or show of any kind, and yet she can bring the tears and smiles and nods of approval quicker and faster than most of the grand dames of the platform in their silks and velvets.

The working people ought to be immensely proud of Jennie, and I believe they are. Some very amusing stories are told illustrative of her oddities. She has screwed and bolted the labor question on to woman's rights, and together they make a powerful catapult, so to speak, which she works with great skill, and much to the confusion of her enemies. "You men," she says, "who wish to oppress women, are always shaking St. Paul at us;" and then, in a manner peculiarly original and characteristic, she defends the great Apostle of the Gentiles from the misinterpretations of those who wish to use his utterances to further their own selfish ends and bolster up the doctrine of man-sovereignty. Jennie is a terror to evil-doers.

On one occasion the Rev. Fulton, of lager-beer notoriety, had, by his fulminations against the woman question, so excited her ire, that, without saying much to anybody, she went off to engage Horticultural Hall, in which, as she rather more forcibly than politely expressed it, "to haul old Fulton over the coals." The owner of the hall refused to rent it to her without security; whereupon she brought up a certain editor of note to testify as to her ability to pay, and the editor, knowing her character for truthfulness, said: "If Jennie says she'll pay you, she will;" and the hall was hired. The day before the lecture was to be given, a reporter called to "interview" Jennie, and take down the heads of her discourse. "Heads!" she cried; "do you suppose I want any heads to haul old Fulton over the coals? No, indeed!" When the time came, she marched off to the hall, and appearing upon the platform in a calico gown, delivered a speech, solely impromptu, which amounted to a pretty severe plucking of the reverend apostle of Tremont Temple.

No picture can do justice to Jennie Collins without taking into account her childlike, loving, affectionate nature. She is an immense favorite with all who know her—a privileged person, who can say and do what she pleases without giving offence.

It is needless to say that "Boffin's Bower" has proved a great success. Recently she has issued a book called "Nature's Aristocracy." The *Herald*, in reviewing it, remarks that "all her angels belong to the poor, and all her devils to the rich;" and whoever takes the trouble to peruse it will doubtless find a racy, fearless, characteristic exposition of life and things, men and women, as they appear to Jennie Collins and to no one else.

LITTLE BILLS.

BY AUNT NANCY.

I am going to speak right out in meeting, and, like Horace Greeley, tell what I know about little bills. There is a kind of total depravity about some things, children's shoes for instance. They will break out at the toes, and run down at the heels, and skin off at the ankles, in a most amazing manner. Now if there is anything James hates, it is little bills; and if there is anything Mary hates, it is asking James for money to pay little bills.

Did you ever notice that little bills have a most provoking propensity for popping in just at the wrong time. When people are hungry, tired, and cross, there comes a ring at the door, and in walks a smutty little bill, and the discomfort and vexation of spirit which it brings along with it do not walk out again in a hurry.

Now I don't want to give the impression that my brother James is a stingy man. No, he is what folks call generous. But there comes a time when one kind of generosity buttons its trousers-pockets, and frowns, and that is when little bills appear at the wrong moment, and I never yet saw the right moment for their intrusion.

My brother James is a generous man, as men go, but his generosity is of that kind which my old aunt Sukey used to designate as "streaked." When he comes home, feeling satisfied with himself and all the world, after a prosperous, money-making day down town, he is ready to give Mary a silk dress or a diamond ring which she don't want, or to go and buy a superfluous hundred-dollar bronze for the parlor mantle; but just let him come home feeling no richer than when he went away in the morning, with the wind nor'-nor'-east, and prospects of squalls, as the almanac says, and then let one of those little gas-bills, or plumbing-bills, or bills for children's shoes, come and stare him in the face, and his patience snaps like glass.

"Mary, why don't you attend to these matters?" he inquires in no reassuring tone of voice. "You know I hate to be chased up by every tuppenny dealer and mechanic in town."

"How can I, James," returns Mary, "when I haven't got the money in the house?"

"Humph, that's strange. What did you do with the fifty dollars I gave you last week?"

"Paid house bills, James; and I had to reserve ten dollars to give to little Miss Bright for Nelly's tuition in music. You know it wouldn't be right to keep a poor little music teacher out of her money."

"Well," poking a lump of Liverpool coal impatiently, "I don't know where the money goes to. There's a leak somewhere. It keeps me grubbing all the time to keep the establishment running. I don't want to say that there's actual mismanagement, but I'm sure of one thing, I've got an awfully extravagant family."

"Perhaps you'd like to look over the bills and accounts," returns Mary, drawing the thread nervously through the cambric handkerchief she is hemming. "I've got it all down in black and white, and I don't like to be accused of extravagance."

"Pshaw, nonsense! you're the most unreasonable woman I ever saw. You can't stand criticism. That seems to be a peculiarity of the female mind. I don't actually find any fault with you; of course I have all the confidence in you a man should have in his wife; I only say, in a general way, that my expenses are enormous—enormous! and we must begin to retrench somewhere."

When James commences to talk about retrenching, the domestic sky is always somewhat overcast. Probably the lobster he ate for his lunch did not agree with him, and we are, metaphorically, getting pinched with its claws. Meantime the luckless lad in shabby coat and limp cap who brought the bill is probably cooling his heels on the door-step, waiting until the lord and master of the fine establishment shall see fit to produce the needful shillings or dollars, which he at last does with a bad enough grace.

One evening, not long since, after some such scene as I have described above, Mary, who had been somewhat stirred up, looked at James with a determined expression in her fine eyes, and said:

"James, if you find the expense of living so great, and are so much annoyed with attending to details, I wish you would give me one-third of your income. I will guarantee, with that sum, to support the family as well as we are supported now, and never call for an additional cent."

"Poh!" stammered James, "you must be daft; you couldn't run the machine six months without coming to me for more money."

"Try me," cried Mary, eagerly. "See if I haven't got head enough to do it. Make me independent once in my life."

"Independent," repeated James, testily. "Why should a wife wish to be independent of her husband? Women are too independent in these days;" and I am afraid he indulged in an expletive not altogether nice. So the discussion closed, but I can see that ever since the thought, "why shouldn't an intelligent, conscientious, honorable married woman be trusted with money," has rankled in Mary's mind. She hates to put herself in the position of a beggar every time the butcher or grocery man calls at the house, and it humiliates her to be scolded and lectured like a child about trifling expenses, when all the annoyance might be smoothed away were she only trusted as one honest man trusts another. James loves the wife of his bosom, but he does not love her well enough to spare her some of the most disagreeable and humiliating sensations one human being can inflict on another; and there are a great many devoted husbands just like him.

It was the very next day, I think, after Mary had made her proposition, that James came home beaming and expansive with good humor. Stocks had gone up, money was "easy," cotton had "flopped," or some other mysterious process had taken place on 'change, which James could turn to his own private advantage.

"Mary," said he, "basking in the light and glow of the soft coal-fire, as it shone over the rich furniture of the room, "Bob and Henry White are here from Boston, and I am going to give them a complimentary dinner at the Adelphi."

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mary, quietly.

"Oh, I shall do things up in good shape," returned James, "and perhaps with the wine it may amount to a cool hundred and fifty. But then you know I expect to get it back in in a business way; but if I never should, a hundred and fifty don't count to a man of my means."

"No, no," thought I, "when it goes for your own self-gratification; but how is it about those little bills?"

Soon after I went into the hall, and there was Mary saying a kind good night to little Miss Bright.

"You must be very happy to be able to earn money," I heard her say.

The innocent blue eyes were raised to the face of the fine lady in her rich silk dress, with sparkling gems on her fingers.

"Yes," returned the teacher a little doubtfully, "but teaching music is pretty hard work. I have a mother to support though, and of course I'm very glad to get the pupils."

"It's an admirable thing to be able to earn one's own living," returned Mary; and the little teacher went away looking still more mystified as to why the fortunate, wealthy lady should speak almost as if she envied her her round of drudgery, for happily she was ignorant of the poverty of rich men's wives, and the persecutions of little bills.

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LEWISE.

The village of S——, a little secluded hamlet among the hills, is more like an Eastern village than is usually found in the West, and made historic by having been the home, for a time, of a governor of the State. A flouring mill here was owned by him before his election to that office, and here his aged parents dwell in a pleasant home, looking forward, no doubt, to their re-union with the dear departed.

A mile from the depot, with no hotel or boarding-house, no saloon even (no lager beer), the postoffice kept in the village store, and two churches, Methodist and Congregational. "Our governor" was a prompt, efficient and leading member of the latter, and it has an added interest for me, an old pupil of his, as having been his place of worship. When a majority of our rulers can as modestly, but faithfully, lead a prayer-meeting as this lamented one, then, "when the righteous rule," will the people rejoice."

The Methodist families have all gone out to a camp-meeting, and the Congregationalists are preparing for a Fourth of July picnic; so that the search for an abiding place for a week becomes rather wearisome. But one is at last found, and I set out in search of admirers of, and sympathizers with, "Eminent Women."

The weather is insufferably warm; but a fresh breeze is blowing from the west, as is usually the case in hot weather upon the prairies; so, instead of "going the way the wind blows," I find it pleasanter (and more natural perhaps) facing the breeze.

Calling at the door of a neglected-looking dwelling, it is opened by a girl of fifteen, with a face that would be thought very pleasing in a home of refinement and culture. Inquiring for the woman of the house, I am told that she is "the only housekeeper"—that her mother is dead.

Poor child! are all the storms of life to beat unbroken upon her defenceless head? I think at least I may leave a pleasant memory with her by showing her my portraits, around which three or four little brothers and sisters gather. Quite unexpectedly, she proposes taking a copy, saying, "she has earned some money picking pigeons, which she has lent her father." She writes her name unhesitatingly Ella, confident, of course, that her few hard-earned dollars will be forthcoming when called for. But when I call with the book some time afterward, and the man she calls father enters, a change comes over the scene. It is very evident that these interesting children did not get their bright good looks from that clod. And I fear, too, that even here the "poisoned cup" has found him. He says he "can't return the money—that they are too poor to buy books," etc.—all in a hard, unkind way, that brings tears to the poor girl's eyes, and an expression to her face which reveals her sense of the wrong and injustice done her.

I had been thinking how much good the book would do her, unconsciously stimulating her to take better care of her young brothers and sisters, and to efforts for making home pleasant; and now I wish that I really were a colporteur, and could make her a present of it.

A mile or so from the village I find a young lady of eighteen presiding over a district school, who gives me an order, and has the money to pay for the book when it is presented, expressing great pleasure at her acquisition.

At a farm-house on a rise of ground beyond a young girl seems to have been left in care of the children while the parents are away, and an athletic farm-hand is sitting idly by. Now I suspect that this hired man is neglecting to hoe his corn because of the attraction within doors. When he puts down his name in my prospectus, in very fair penmanship, I am at a loss to determine whether he wishes the book as a present for the aforesaid maiden, or whether (observing that he seems interested in it) the young man really has a soul above buttons."

But alas for human speculation again! When later in the season I walk half a mile through the early falling snow to his home to carry him a copy, he tumbles out of bed at ten o'clock in the morning, and coming down stairs with unkempt locks, confesses to having "been at a ball the night before, where he spent his last dollar;" but he promises to send for the book as soon as he has the money—a promise he fails to fulfill. It seems to me if I were so strong a young man in this country of "equal rights for all men," I would endeavor not to be in the deplorable condition of having seen my "bottom dollar."

Being told that a lady near by would be likely to desire my work, I call at her dwelling, a tasteful farm-house, and she makes her appearance at the door with paint-brush in hand, as in addition to all her household cares she is also brightening up her domain with her own hands. While she is conducting me into the parlor for a seat, I have an opportunity of observing her fine intellectual head, and am impressed with the idea that this woman is "out of her sphere." Without any allusion to her own life, she emphatically declares all women to be slaves, and quotes from the "Statutes of the State" (a copy of which she points out to me) abominable laws in relation to woman to prove her assertion. When I rise to leave she says she "would very much like a copy of my work;" but with a smile that spoke volumes added that her "husband was away, and she could not subscribe for it without consulting him."

I learn from a neighbor, an old schoolmate of hers, that this woman's only escape from insanity is in a visit of several weeks, which she pays semi-annually to a daughter residing in a distant town.

—Women as telegraph operators have proved a great success.

SHAMS.

BY C. D. G. P.

The most perfect and complete sham of the year is the action of the American Society at its annual meeting, and the action of its friends to bring it about.

In Rhode Island the Suffrage Society voted, one year ago, to remain perfectly independent. At the annual meeting in October nothing was said of auxiliaryship, and no delegate was appointed; but to the surprise of many T. W. Higginson cast four votes for the State. At the last meeting of the society some discussion brought out the fact that a few of his friends privately gave him credentials. This was done at the time of a small meeting, when the chairman of the Executive Committee was in the hall, but had no knowledge of the action which was going on.

If it was honest or honorable for one person thus to represent a State, backed only by some half a dozen persons or less, then I have yet to learn a new code of ethics. I have been initiated into considerable political maneuvering within the last year, but this act I regard as the greatest outrage upon common honesty that has yet been perpetrated. It seems to be a settled purpose of the friends of the American Society that the life-long services of those honored individuals who led in this movement, and who have literally borne the heat and burden of the day, should now, at the eleventh hour, be totally ignored and thrust aside to make room for some who have been quietly napping for the last quarter of a century, but who have just waked up to preach this *new* gospel of suffrage, and *suffrage alone*, for woman.

The grand protest of the West against dishonorable action revives our faith in humanity, and it is to be hoped the friends of the American Society will hear its echo, heed its warning, and beware for the future of anything which looks like underhand dealing.

* * *

AN OLD STORY.—Our citizens are proverbial for their shrewdness in taking hold of useful inventions and preparations. We were, therefore, not surprised to hear of many of the most important discoveries in Europe becoming the property of American citizens, as a natural result of the recent Paris Exhibition. One of the latest is *Jouven's Kid Glove Cleaner*, which we, speaking from experience, can confidently recommend as a thorough and immediate cleanser of kid gloves, free from the faults of all other preparations, as it neither injures the color or has any unpleasant odor. We would advise all our readers to purchase a bottle from any druggist or fancy dry goods dealer, and they will corroborate our statement. It effects a great saving. F. C. WELLS & Co., New York, wholesale agents.

—"Dorothy Q.," in Dr. Holmes' recent verses in the *Atlantic*, was not the Dorothy Quincy who married John Hancock, and after his death became Mrs. Scott, but a Quincy of an older generation, who married one of the Albany Wendells, and became the ancestress of the poet, to whom has also descended the name of her husband.

—Dear friends, begin the new year well and wisely by subscribing for THE REVOLUTION. Price $3.00.

Notes About Women.

—Monkey skin muffs are offered for sale this season.

—The Brute Creation—Husbands who beat their wives.

—*Good Health* condemns the small heels which women wear.

—There are thirty-eight female prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary.

—A sixteen year old Wisconsin girl is in jail awaiting trial for horse stealing.

—A wild woman has been discovered on West Mountain, near Keene, N. H.

—Buy your holiday presents of the man who advertises in THE REVOLUTION.

—"Bug Destroyer to her Majesty" was one of the high-titled individuals of Court society in England.

—How can a man be a woman's better half, when God made woman as an improvement on man?

—It is rumored that Nilsson is to be married to a M. Rosseau, a French gentleman of moderate fortune.

—Three members of Parliament, recently returned for Manchester, are in favor of woman suffrage.

—Vassar College has received a munificent gift of $20,000 to found a professorship of Natural History.

—Mrs. Ames, in a recent letter from Washington to the *Independent*, pays a high tribute to Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts.

—Mrs. Hazlett, President of the Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association, is an alumnus of Albion College.

—Why should Mrs. Beecher control the Brooklyn elections? Because she has an entire Ward of her own.

—Miss Kate Stanton, the first lady law student of Rhode Island, is a daughter of Mr. George A. Stanton, of Westerly.

—The annual Woman's Suffrage Convention for New Hampshire will be held in Concord about the middle of January.

—The vote for Miss Garrett was larger by 43,000 than for any other candidate. Prof. Huxley came next to her with 13,000.

—One of the neatest toasts ever given—"Woman—the last word on our lips, because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

—It is more blessed to give than to receive, but we give more than two dollars' worth yearly, in the pages of THE REVOLUTION.

—Mrs. Myra Bradwell, the lawyeress of Chicago, "does not believe," according to her own words, "in divorcing till God divorces."

—A few days since a young lady was appointed stenographer on duty in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, a position which few men could fill.

—A pickpocket administered chloroform to Mrs. Samuel Barnes on the street in Westfield, Mass., on Wednesday, and robbed her of eight hundred dollars.

—Miss Mitchell was chosen a member of the American Association for the advancement of Science, on the nomination of Prof. Agassiz. She was the first woman admitted a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

—Dear friends, please make us a New Year's call, and leave a card (only $2.00), and we will send you in return THE REVOLUTION for one year.

—"Solaced in durance vile by the radiant smiles of connubial love." Translation—His wife went to see him in jail, where he was sent for stealing.

—An insane woman is a feature of the Fifth Avenue promenade, and as she carries a big paving-stone and mutters to herself, she is generally disliked.

—A woman's paper has just made its appearance, entitled *A Grain of Salt*. It is published by the Woman's Temperance Committee, of Dover, N. H.

—Miss Mary E. Tucker is the fashion editress of the *Democrat*. She buys everything on commission, from a darning needle to a thousand-dollar dress.

—"Olivia" is on the trail of Justin McCarthy, whom she calls a "cistern of intellect," "as taut and graceful as a yacht, with complexion like strawberries and cream."

—The Austrian Archduchess, Mary Vaeria, has just been commissioned "ensign of the fifty-fourth battalion." She is already holding the rank of colonel in a regiment of hussars.

—A Colorado woman, who liked to make the most of everything, made a 4,000 mile trip, including a horseback ride of 400 miles, to spend Thanksgiving with her friends in Ohio.

—Mr. Beecher says:

"Men do not usually like to be surrounded by women in their business relations; it is a restraint they do not enjoy, although they need it for their marital salvation."

—Mrs. Annie Cora Richie left complete the manuscript of a book entitled "Italian Life and Legends," which Mr. Carleton, of New York, is to publish, with pictures of Italian scenery.

—Mlle. Nilsson encountered several of the friends of her earlier youth while in Boston, among them a young Swedish workman, who called on her, and was received with great heartiness.

—The Queen generally presents a maid of honor with a handsome present in money on her marriage, besides the hundred-guinea cashmere shawl which is her Majesty's almost invariable gift.

—A lady who has been reading law is in the most fearful and agonizing doubts regarding the legality of her married condition. She says, "Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life."

—On Miss Lillian Edgarton's photograph is the motto of the photographer: "I have chained the sun to serve me." As the fair lecturer's engagement is whispered, the inscription seems particularly *apropos*.

—Some one says that corsets were first introduced as a means of punishing refractory wives, by lacing the ladies up in them in the days when the husband's will was absolute and "woman's rights" were unknown.

—In London the ladies in waiting do not actually live at the palace, but are fetched and carried accordingly as their attendance is required, by a royal carriage placed at their disposal, but the maids of honor live at the palace both in town and country. The Queen always shows kindly recollection of old servants deserving it, whether of high or low degree.

—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all our friends. May their shadows never grow less, and may they always subscribe for THE REVOLUTION.

—"Olive Logan's last book is printed on pink paper, which is the first thing that has ever been seen about one of the suffrage-shriekers that resembles a blush.—*Courier Journal.*

The above is not the first thing ever seen about an editor that resembles a lie.

—Dr. Osgood, in a recent lecture on woman, said:

"By a common law of England, the wife is wholly subjected to the husband. She is not his workman as in Germany, his slave as in India, his toy as in France but his dependent child."

—"A modest admirer of the 'true woman' recently caused it to be announced that he had subscribed fifty dollars to the Woman's Suffrage Association of Hartford, Conn."

He has the satisfaction of knowing that his money could not have gone a better way.

—A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* declares "that the Uhlans, numbering twenty-five thousand, have attached to their organization a corps of five thousand women, chiefly relatives of the male troopers, regularly enlisted and trained to act as spies."

—The London *Graphic* puts the following grave questions to men and women:

"Is it impossible to enjoy the society of a cultivated woman unless she wears a dress *decolleté* exceedingly? And is a man not to be considered clothed in his right mind who is not habited in black trousers and swallow-tail coat?"

—A young wife, carrying food to her husband on the Paris ramparts, was suddenly told in a joke that he had just been killed by the Prussians. The poor woman fell, exhausted but not fainting, and although her husband soon came to her, she could not be roused from her lethargy. She died during the night.

—Mrs. Grant says that her husband tells her one-tenth or more of our revenue goes abroad to be invested in French finery. This is all wrong, and if she could have her way it would be prevented. Not a dollar, she said, should go abroad for that which can be made at home. She never had a dress made in Paris, and instead of a $12,000 wardrobe, her bill was $418.

—We are glad that one man has logically arrived at the opinion that if men are just to women, they must be severe on themselves. Hear what Pomeroy says in the *Democrat:*

"No true woman craves the privilege to do evil which are granted to men, but a man up a tree, who studies causes and effects, feeling a heart and a desire to elevate woman and make her happier, finds things awfully jumbled and snarled up, and sees that man's freedom to do wrong ought to be pruned down. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Verily life is a problem guv up by most arithmetickers."

—A panic was recently created in Bridgeport by the prophetic utterances of a Miss Lottie Fowler, who predicted the blowing up of a Cartridge Factory, which actually occurred, and so frightened the girls connected with the works, that they refused to return to the shops. Afterwards the seeress was arrested for fortune-telling, but ultimately acquitted. The crowd applauded, and took the medium back to her hotel in grand state. Later still, while holding forth to a credulous Bridgeport audience on the mysteries of Heaven and earth, she was brought to grief by the defalcation of her ticket agent; and as her supernatural powers were inadequate to the task of telling where the rascal now hides, Miss Lottie is as blue as one of her own familiars.

—Miss Rose Poe, the sister of Edgar A. Poe, has been wandering from place to place for some time entirely destitute. She is now in Richmond, Va., willing and anxious to obtain a living by the labor of her hands as a housekeeper, etc. She is about sixty-six years of age.

—The New York County Woman Suffrage meeting in Union Square, last Friday afternoon, was signalized by the reappearance in public of Mrs. Frances Mackinley (whose eloquence and power as a speaker were alluded to in these columns last winter), after a season of ill-health. She again fascinated her audience. In the discussion that followed, Dr. and Mrs. Hallock, Mrs. Somerby, Herbert Bright and Prof Wilcox complimented her highly on her lecture. Resembling Anna Dickinson in appearance, she has something of the latter's effect on her hearers.

—Here is what Miss Emily Davis, one of the ladies recently elected to the London School Board, has done for the cause of education:

"She founded the Ladies' College at Hitchin, to be connected with the University at Cambridge, through which any girl may attain the highest educational prizes. She was instrumental in promoting the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination for Girls, and in securing the commission on Endowed Schools, and for years articles from her pen on the different branches of female education and the modes of livelihood for girls have appeared in the reviews. She has written "Higher Female Education," "Needlework for Schools," "Physical Exercises, and Recreation for Girls," "Application of Funds for the Education of Girls," etc.

—Howard Glyndon, in the *Evening Mail*, remarked that "the very finest heads in ancient sculpture are not overburdened with hair; and it will be noticed that, as a rule, it is arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with the outlines of the head. But there is an airy grace in these well-proportioned, living, waving (not crimped) and filleted locks which puts to shame the ponderosity and the coarseness of the mighty nest of artificial and lifeless braids and curls which the modern woman is fond of hooking on to the back of her head—much as if it were an inverted wash-bowl."

—"The old maids of Sioux City, Iowa, enjoyed a banquet at a hotel on Thanksgiving afternoon, and the bachelors a supper at another place in the evening. A Miss Kennedy made the concluding speech at the former, and created a furor by saying: "Let others do as they please; as for me, I am determined to have a husband as soon as I can get one. And let us *all* see to it, so that when another Thanksgiving Day rolls around there will not be an old maid in Sioux City." The banquet closed with the song, 'No one to love.'"

Miss Kennedy ought at least to be commended for her honesty. So long as the Miss Kennedys of this world have but one recognized vocation, that of marriage, it is absurd to blame them for making a business of husband-hunting.

—The venerable and gifted Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known as a writer and philanthropist, was recently admitted to membership in Sorosis. Her fair and placid face, crowned by a wreath of snowy locks, forms a picture of peculiar loveliness. When she took the pledge of the society, the ceremony is said to have been very impressive. Mrs. Gage, in her days of strength and vigor, was one of the most electric and felicitous speakers that ever graced the woman's rights platform. She is much beloved by the young readers of the *Independent* and other periodicals as "Grandma Gage." Some one has now happily styled her the "Grandma of Sorosis."

—The following is from "Recollections of Thackeray" in the last *Atlantic*:

"He took very great delight in his young daughter's first contributions to the *Cornhill*, and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab, one day in London, that I might hear, as we rode along, the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper, which was entitled "Little Scholars." "When I read it," said he, "I blubbered like a child—it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

—Olive Logan says in her lecture on girls:

"I have found among all sorts of women in the course of society, and in all parts of the country, from New York to San Francisco and from Maine to California, that the woman who was most severe in her judgment of so-called masculine women, was the identical woman who is herself good for nothing. Women to whom I could teach the first principles of housekeeping sneer at me as unwomanly because God has given me one talent which I have cultivated to the best of my ability."

—Miss Kate Stanton made, we believe, her first essay in the lecture-field, in Providence, a few evenings since. A friend, in a private letter, draws the following bright picture of her endowments and capabilities, natural and acquired:

"Miss Stanton is pretty, earnest, honest, and enthusiastic, with plenty of good sense, streaked wiuh genius. Her elocution is better than that of any woman before the public that I have ever heard. She is very graceful, and the temperance orders are enthusiastic about her; but she does not mean to be confined to temperance."

—The Terre Haute *Saturday Evening Mail* says:

"We look, then, to woman to remove this horrible scourge of war from mankind—to sweep from the earth this most unholy and barbarous practice. We put the ballot in her hand, and expect her to vote for peace. When some nefarious scheme of intriguing demagogues, or some petty trespass of foreign power threatens to deluge the land in blood, we demand of her to come up and say that it shall not be—to protest against it—to denounce it—to prohibit it. To this end we ask that the sphere of female influence be enlarged."

—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week, while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp on a pine table, about which the children of the family were gathered together conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices, constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world-renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe.

—The following matrimonial advertisement appears in a journal of Rhenish Prussia: "The true female friend of a Catholic lady who, from family circumstances, has remained unmarried up to her thirty-sixth year, calls to the lady in question. She combines with a handsome and youthful personal appearance strong and blooming health, and an admirably cultivated mind and heart. She belongs to a very good family, and possesses besides a capital of 15,000 thalers. For the moment she is without opportunities of forming for herself a suitable acquaintance. Gentleman of answerable age and character, possessed of secured means of existence, great solidity and high consideration, are therefore invited to offer their hands in alliance on the prospect of a happy union. Belonging to the Catholic confession is much wished for, but is not made a condition. Photograph indispensable."

—The only woman student in the Royal Academy, London, is a Miss Hereford, who, in her letter of application, signed only by the initials of her first name, and, as no suspicion was aroused, was formally admitted before her sex was known.

—"To insure modesty, I would advise the educating of the sexes together; for two boys will preserve twelve girls, or two girls twelve boys—innocent, amid winks, jokes, and improprieties—merely by that instinctive sense which is the forerunner of matured modesty. But I will guarantee nothing in a school where girls are alone together, and still less where boys are."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

—Mrs. Holloway's lecture, at Cooper Institute, under the auspices of the Southern Woman's Bureau, on the evening of Dec. 16th, was fairly attended. Quite a number of the old residents of New York were present, and a fair sprinkling of celebrities, among them Miss Charlotte Cushman being noticeable. Mrs. Holloway presented her subject, which covered the whole ground of woman's claims, in a clear and forcible manner, often interspersed with telling points. Her style is thoroughly ladylike, and the elegant simplicity of her costume was much to be praised. Mrs. Holloway has those chief oratorical requisites, a good voice and delivery, and her method of attack is happily calculated to cause stubborn walls of prejudice to crumble away under the touch of grace, where others might batter and fulminate in vain.

—It is Mr. Beecher's opinion that men "may trust much to the universal desire of women to appear lovable in masculine eyes. If, as we fondly (not conceitedly!) believe, they are made subject to vanity in a peculiar degree; and if, in response to manly encouragement, they enter in and possess certain new fields of employment, and find themselves mirrored as unlovely there, we may be sure that they will very quickly renounce ther new 'rights,' and exchange them for the old admiration." With all due deference to Mr. Beecher, we think a large class of women who have their bread and butter to earn would, if they could obtain profitable employment, stick to their work, even at the risk of finding themselves "mirrored as unlovely." Working women may of necessity be, in many cases, unlovely, but poverty, hunger and cold are more so.

—We publish in this issue a letter from a correspondent who signs himself "A Woman's Rights Man," in which we receive a pretty severe lecture for our supposed anxiety to affiliate with either existing political party which, in return for our influence, is first willing to give us the ballot. It would seem that our correspondent has not read with care our paper, dating back to the effort made by the Massachusetts party to secure the help of both Republicans and Democrats in the above-mentioned State. The coquetting of the Bay State organization failed in both instances, although Mrs. Livermore emphatically declared that "they were married into the Republican party." At that time, and since, we have repeatedly taken the ground that women can be neither Republicans or Democrats, from the very nature of their disfranchised condition; that they must hold themselves aloof, and, in fact, carry all the principle which our correspondent rather hastily charges us with opposing.

Our Mail Bag.

A VOICE OF WARNING.

December 19th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

During the six months about to expire, I have been in the receipt of your paper, having taken it on trial, and have read it attentively. It commands my approval in the main, and impresses me as being the ablest of its class.

All of woman's rights—civil, religious, social, and political—need all the attention you can give them, and I would not have you exclude any subject pertaining nearly or remotely to the advancement of woman.

Judging of the future by the past, we await calmly and confidently the exaltation of woman, and, through her, of man, also, to a position of grandeur beyond what we may now scarcely dream of.

By comparing the condition of woman in her lowest estate amongst our own ancestors at almost any time from 300 to 1000 years ago, with her present average condition in the United States, and then, by comparing with each other the different conditions of man during the same respective periods, we will see that the ratio of her improvement is much greater than of his, and if this more rapid development of woman should continue, she cannot but soon outstrip him in the race of life.

It is not to be anticipated, however, that there will ever be any permanent aggregate superiority of either sex over the other in the grand future of our race on this earth; but woman's more rapid advancement will continue until a just equilibrium shall have become established, and man and woman will then go hand in hand in the performance of every good and perfect work.

Man will learn that to win the love of a good, noble and independent woman, he must make himself lovable and worthy of her; he must himself be as good and pure, in every respect, as he would have her who is unto him the one altogether lovely.

Man will be lifted to this standard only by the influence of the superior woman, already being developed by such agencies as THE REVOLUTION is making use of, and he is thus interested in the advancement of woman equally with herself.

I have said that your paper has my approval in the main; but I beg leave to enter a kindly protest against some ideas thrown out occasionally. Having sent all of the back numbers away, I cannot quote from the record, but that will not be necessary.

Your organization has made efforts, from time to time, to secure the co-operation and assistance of one or the other of the two great political parties of the country. Your better judgment has naturally led you to make your first appeals to the Republican party; but failing to meet with the prompt response which your own ardor sought for, you have shown yourselves ready to become allied with the Democratic party, with Tammany, and, I might almost say, with Old Nick himself, or with any one and every one who will, this very instant, help you in the way you shall prescribe.

That your proper choice of associates is a matter of vital importance to your success seems to me to be self-evident; but I cannot see that you take the same view, and herein I conceive that you are going far astray.

You do not need such great political allies; your work is chiefly educational; and when the understanding of the people has been brought up to a proper point, you will win the prizes you are so earnestly and so ably striving for. But if you feel that you will make much more rapid progress by getting one of our political parties to join hands with you, and perhaps to insert a woman's plank in its platform of principles, there ought not to be any difficulty in choosing at once which party it shall be.

The Republican party is identified with the setting at liberty of the slave, and has fought it out on that line until his rights have been permanently and practically secured by proper provisions in the Constitution. It is identified with the honest payment of the national debt, and with all measures necessary to establish the proper settlement of all questions growing out of our great rebellion; and it is identified with various measures to secure the purity of the ballot-box, honesty in the civil service, and other beneficent objects.

But even a more important consideration for your organization, perhaps, than any of these is the general character of the great masses of the Republican party. It comprises probably not less three-fourths to four-fifths of the best educated, most highly refined, most intellectual and ablest of our citizens—a class whose assistance it is quite desirable to secure, and whose companionship will not only be no disgrace, but will be a decided honor.

The Democratic party did all it could to trammel our Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion; it made every effort to keep the slave in bondage; it urged upon the country all sorts of shameful schemes to secure practical repudiation of our just debts; it has persistently arrayed itself against our demand from our Southern brethren of such guarantees of good behavior as would enable us to live in peace with them, and to go on together in a general prosperous career.

As to the character of the great masses of the Democratic party of the present day, it is not necessary to go away from your own great city to gather abundant material from which to form an enlightened judgment.

While we will grant to it a modicum of members of great ability and worth, it is confessedly the party that embraces the great bulk of the ignorant and all varieties of the criminal classes.

Do the gamblers, thieves, murderers, repeaters, rioters *et id omne genus*, vote the Republican ticket? Do their leaders endeavor, while sitting in the councils of the nation, to establish the purity of the ballot-box? Do they labor in behalf of civil service reform? Do they ever espouse any great measures for the good of the nation? Our national records say *No!* and he that runs may read.

Can you think for a moment of joining hands on any basis with a party whose record shows that it did not want to let the slave go free, and cannot, therefore, be honestly willing to assist to freedom the oppressed of other classes? Will you not rather seek alliance only with the party which has proved itself by its works, which has shown its practical sympathy with the slave of the South, and is therefore much the most likely to become a trustworthy friend to other sufferers from oppressions scarcely less severe, and which comprises so large a share of the best people of the land?

Your efforts to get aid from some one in the manner you do would indicate that you would sooner ask, "What is expedient?" than "What is right?" You do not seem properly to appreciate that your only safe course is to not tamper with evil, to not do evil that good may come, and to adhere without a shadow of turning to righteous principle.

I protest most earnestly against your apparent indifference to the character of those whom you seek to associate with you, and believe that if you do not alter your standard in this regard you will suffer, sooner or later, the inevitable results of a grievous and fatal error.

If you cannot without any hesitancy whatever make the only honorable choice that is open to you, it betrays the almost obliquity of your moral vision, and proves that you have not yet sufficiently purified your own borders, that you have no settled political principles of your own, and have not the shadow of title to the very privileges for which you make such loud demand. One great benefit we have hoped for from woman's vote has been the purification of politics; but if woman herself stoops to practices similar to and but little or no better than those that so disgrace the politics of the day, how vain is our hope!

We accord to woman a glorious destiny, and may indulge in the certain assurance that she will ultimately attain to such destiny; but it will be only through great and protracted struggles.

It is of the utmost importance that all her efforts to righteous ends should be based only upon righteous means, and should be free from the taint of prevalent political corruptions and all other debasing influences.

It is to be hoped that your better and nobler instincts will prevail, and will keep you in the paths of pure principle, by following which you will alone compass your grand purposes.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MAN.

GREETING FROM THE SOUTH.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 6th, 1870.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

I send you a greeting from my Virginia home. I believe the opposition that prevails here in regard to a question which is stirring the hearts of many of the most intellectual and the noblest women in America arises from utter ignorance. The women have not familiarized themselves with the principles and demands of the noble band who, under a banner bearing the inscriptions, "Woman Suffrage," "Equal Wages," are marching on to a hard-earned, glorious victory.

I think if Anna Dickinson could come here, or Mrs. Stanton's genial, intellectual face beam upon us, the persuasive tones, the sound logic of these true women would touch their hearts and appeal to their intellects, and they would soon be able to discern the beauty, the glory and the justice of the grand cause of woman's rights.

Often in conversation with women upon this subject, I find that they have scarcely given it a thought; they are unable to combat my argument in its favor. When I draw their attention to the barbarous, disgraceful laws regarding woman, and ask them if they are willing to fold their hands and calmly submit to them, they admit the injustice of these laws, but they are so much afraid of being considered masculine, that they would not dare to raise their voices in an attempt to erase these terrible blots from the laws of our country.

During a recent visit to Media, Pa., I was much pleased to find many warm advocates of the cause of woman suffrage among the cultivated, intelligent portion of the community. It cheers my heart to meet a woman who acknowledges that she wishes to vote—that she desires justice for thousands of brave, hard-working sister women. I always grasp the hand of such a woman, and never do I meet with one who is not good and true.

My faith in the success of the cause is very strong. I believe that ere many years have passed, the mighty minds, the brilliant wit, the sound logic, the soul-stirring oratory of the grand women who are engaged in this work will have accomplished the victory. The chains that now bind us will be broken with a tremendous crash, which will echo through the world. We will be the acknowledged political and intellectual equals of our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons; and the women of America will go side by side with the men, proudly "marching on to the music of the centuries."

Then a more glorious day will dawn, not alone for America, but for the world. Our flag will wave prouder from the dome of our capitol; the Goddess of Liberty no longer be a meaningless statue, as it now looks down in mockery upon our serfdom, and the voice of a hundred cannon will boom forth the glad tidings—the women of America are free! And a song of thanksgiving will ring out from thousands of hearts and homes that there has ever been a revolution.

Yours truly, IRIS.

TWO WOMEN.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN., Dec. 13, 1870.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

We, of this town, who feel an interest in knowing what woman can do, and how she does it, had an opportunity to judge a little within the past week. Mrs. Van Cott has been, and still is, holding protracted meetings at the Methodist Church, and Mrs. Emelia Pardee made her first appearance as a lecturer before a large audience in the Town Hall last Saturday evening. Indeed these ladies divided the public interest, and neither the church or hall were large enough to accommodate all who came to hear them.

Mrs. Pardee's subject was Temperance, or rather Intemperance, an old, old story, but re-told by her in an earnest pathetic way, that made the heart bleed afresh over the untold woes of which it is the fruitful source; and I felt a glow of pleasure in the thought that so few of our own sex, through all the afflictions of their tried and narrowed lives, had resorted to the inebriating cup for consolation, although we have always, I believe, had equal rights in this respect at least. I have never heard (with my ears) the noble words of Mrs. Stanton [may the shadow of her demands never grow less] nor the stirring appeals of Miss Anthony or Anna Dickinson, so I cannot compare her to these as a speaker. Her manner is graceful and modest—too much so, some might say; but she treated the subject with a deep, sorrowful earnestness, that needed no other emphasis than her sweet face and voice, which I hope is destined to plead successfully against this cruel sin, one of the many that will never be abolished except by woman's vote.

Mrs. Van Cott is a majestic-looking woman, with an unlimited amount of force and energy; and if every soul in this benighted town does not seek the Lord, it will certainly not be her fault; she speaks with the "voice of many waters," and I thought, when listening to her, I wish she would use it for free suffrage. She is not an eloquent speaker, but a powerful one; nevertheless, a real worker who seems never to tire, but rather to enjoy her mission, and is thoroughly absorbed in it.

I noticed in my REVOLUTION last week a card from Mrs. I. B. Hooker, requesting the address of any one who was willing to take charge of a package of tracts to be distributed through this State. She gave only her name; so I do not know how to reach her, but would say, I shall be happy to do anything in my power to help the work along. I do not suppose I am the only woman's rights woman here, but am a stranger, and do not know if there are others. I should like to make their acquaintance.

Respectfully yours, KATE PATERSON.

[Letters will reach Mrs. Hooker if simply directed Hartford, Connecticut.—ED. REVOLUTION.

MR. BURNETT VINDICATED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Excuse a stranger's familiarity, but you *are* dear to me, and truth should be no familiarity.

I observe in your columns that some one has, in fancied wisdom, attempted a criticism of "one Alf Burnett," as though Mr. Burnett has not a reputation as wide as east and west, north and south! While pretending to be extra discriminating, even of the "wise folks" she speaks of, not of the "silly people" who make their "sides ache" over an "indifferent actor's" effort that there is "not one touch of nature in," she has shown herself one of those foolish persons—not always of the feminine gender—who reckon without their host, who fly off at a tangent, and generally make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of people of *true* common sense.

Any person of even ordinary discrimination witnessing Mr. Burnett's *caricature* of a woman's rights lecturess can at once see he does not intend to "imitate" Olive Logan. His lecture was popular before Miss Logan took the rostrum; and because of her popularity, and that *he personally knows her*, and knows she is a woman of *sound* sense and *calm* reason, and can understand a joke, he used the name of "Olive" after he had been giving the lecture some months, or years it may be.

The lecture, so-called, is simply a broad burlesque, not intended to "hold the mirror up to nature," and it contains stronger argument for than against the woman cause, of which Mr. B. is a warm well-wisher, and Miss Logan has no better friend. She herself has listened to the lecture, but whether she made her *sides ache* or not I am not advised. I know she laughed heartily.

But 'tis easy to see how a captious, not overly wise person can utterly mistake Mr. Burnett's meaning and intent; the same mistake has now and then been made in regard to his "Preacher from Hepsidam" by those possessing more zeal than knowledge.

Suffice it to say, Mr. Burnett has delivered that woman's rights lecture all over the country, before literary societies and *woman suffrage associations*, to hosts of "*silly people*," heretofore accredited with brains and judgment, till your correspondent sent forth her fiat.

I deem it due, not only to Mr. B. but to Olive Logan, that you publish this from one who knows the parties, and who has made her "silly sides ache" many a time over that same lecture, and who is also a devotee to the cause of her sex, and a warm advocate of THE REVOLUTION *versus* the Boston *Woman's Journal*.

Yours, "RUSHTON."

GEN. WALBRIDGE.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

No obituary of Gen. Hiram Walbridge, I think, has mentioned one fact that will interest your readers. A few months ago I met him at the Astor House in New York, and after greetings he asked warmly, "How is woman suffrage?" "Doing well," said I; "our success is sure." "*Good, good!*" he exclaimed; "I hope so." "Why," said I, in surprise, "I did not know, General, that you were with us." "Yes, yes." said he, grasping my hand earnestly; "my health has prevented my saying so publicly, but I have watched your movements with great pleasure and sympathy. Come up to my room and talk about it." The last words he said to me breathed hope for our success.

J. K. H. WILCOX.

—The New York Sociology Club held its eleventh meeting at the Geographical Society Rooms, Cooper Institute, Monday evening last. W. L. Ormsby, Jr., read a paper on "Women's Work and Wages," claiming that women do as much work as men, but in many employments of poorer quality, and hence with lower pay. He denied the claim of Auguste Comte, echoed by Mrs. L. D. Blake (who was present and took part), that women had a right to be supported by men, except when rearing offspring; objected to the desire of women for office and of teachers in public schools for equal pay, and styled the mass of government places, including the public schools, robberies which should be abolished.—Prof. Wilcox held that the possession of the ballot would help women to work, as politicians and employers find work for voters of their own party. He announced that the "Women's Progressive Association," of No. 45 Elizabeth street, had adjourned to attend this meeting, and called for remarks from Mrs. Martin, its President, and Miss Sue L. F. Smith, of Virginia, one of its members. Both were heard with interest; and Mrs. Martin stated that her association would probably merge into this Club.—Mr. Moran held that voting was useless; Dr. Hallock that it was a duty; and Dr. Marvin denied, as a physician, Mr. Ormsby's view—that men's and women's strength is equal.—The Club adjourned to January 9th, when Mrs. M. C. Joslyn will give a paper, to be followed on the 16th by Mrs. Frances Mackinley.

—In Troy, New York, in the middle of the war, a sagacious school-board reduced the salaries of female teachers one-third, and added the amount robbed from those poor souls to the wages of the instructors in breeches. As Mrs. Stanton has most pertinently asked, "*Would that board have dared to do this thing if these women had had votes?*" Not a bit of it.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3083, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1870.

MISS GARRETT.

It was a foggy December morning, such as only London can furnish, when every inhalation rasps one's throat, and one is chilled to the very heart by the damp searching air, that we started to make a call upon Miss Garrett, whose recent triumphant success in her election to the London School Board, (a canvass in which she headed the poll,) has made her, for the time, one of the most prominent women in England.

A short drive took us to a row of substantial houses, where a large door-plate of a most professional and business-like air, even before we looked at the number, distinguished one of them as the residence of the lady we had come to see.

Miss Garrett is a young woman; certainly she is not more than twenty-four or five years of age. She has as abundant and fair hair as any German maiden, and wears it neatly arranged in heavy braids. She has also that clear complexion and that lovely flush in her cheeks, which is the glory of Englishwomen, and so rare among their pallid American sisters. The features are good, without being at all striking, and her expression pleasant when she speaks. She has that excellent thing in woman, "a soft, low voice," and a little lisp not at all unpleasing to the ear. She is about the middle height, of a slender and graceful figure, and she was dressed in a short costume of tasteful and simple fashion. Altogether, she is a neat, trim, and prepossessing young doctor, whose entrance into a sick-room must be as refreshing as a fresh breath of pure air or a ray of bright sunshine would be in these dreary, foggy London days.

We were at first shown into a reception room, where we found one lady waiting, like ourselves, her turn to see the mistress of the house. It was Miss Garrett's hour for office consultation, so we took our turn patiently. When it came we were ushered into the office upstairs, a small and comfortably furnished room, which the blazing coal fire made more cozy still, from the contrast of its warmth with the chill of the damp London fog without.

Miss Garrett received us cordially, but expressed herself as not particularly interested in the woman's movement, outside of her own especial work. Not that she is at all opposed to it, but her own time is too much absorbed by her professional duties to allow her to give much attention to outside work. Her sister, Mrs. Fawcett, speaks and writes ably in woman's service, and Miss Garrett said she "believed in talking," only it was not *her* especial work.

It will be remembered that Miss Garrett applied for a diploma, and on due examination received it from the Apothecaries' Hall, an innovation upon masculine prerogatives for which the old fogies were so unprepared that, taken by surprise, they gave a woman the right to the title of L. A. S., which means licensed by Apothecaries' Society, almost before they themselves were aware of what they had done. In England there are three degrees in medicine; the first, that of apothecary; the second, of surgeon; the last, and highest, of physician.

Miss Garrett was obliged to go to Paris and study and graduate at the "Ecole de Medicine" to gain her degree of M. D., as neither the college of surgeons nor that of physicians would admit her to examination.

But no sooner had this woman slipped through the door which had so unwittingly been left ajar than the profession locked and bolted it behind her, so that no other woman should follow this example of Miss Garrett's. They resolved that no person who had received only *private* medical instruction should be considered a proper candidate for medical honors, and as the *public* schools of medicine are almost closed to woman, this amounts to a virtual ostracism of woman from the profession. However, women may study medicine in Paris, and in Zurich, as our own Miss Putnam has done, and may gain high honors there, and return to England or America, as the case may be, to practice their profession. So, in spite of brawling students and old fogy professors, earnest women may find one or two countries which open the doors of their medical schools to them. It is to the honor of France and Switzerland that they do not frown down any attempt of their daughters to devote themselves to that noblest of all sciences, the knowledge of the laws that govern human life. By the way, it is a step in advance that the professors of the Medical College in Edinburgh have severely reprimanded the disorderly students whose conduct was so offensive to the ladies who were attending the lectures there.

Miss Garrett does not believe in separate institutions for the instruction of male and female physicians. She thinks it far better for the old and wealthy and time-honored institutions to open their doors to the young women as well as to the young men who wish to enter them.

By a law of this nation no college can be established here unless it has attached to it a hospital, with at least one hundred and fifty beds, and the erection of the buildings, the keeping up of such a hospital and the salaries of the professors would involve an enormous expense if a female college were attempted, and the institution even then would not be equal for many years in efficacy or thoroughness to the already long established Medical College now in existence.

Miss Garrett says that public opinion in England with regard to the entrance of women into the medical profession is far behind that of America on the same subject, and the opening of the college to female students she considers to be far in the future. But she believes it is best to wait for the slow advance of public sentiment, and that the sudden rush of women into the profession would result only in their own disappointment as to their pecuniary success.

But Miss Garrett forgets that public opinion is a stagnant pool, which needs not only the gentle breeze of agitation upon its surface, but the strong wind of innovation, to stir it to its depths, and what if at first it does bring up mire and dirt, in the end it makes a new channel for the sluggish waters, and changes a pestilential pool into a living and life giving stream.

Like some of the brave and successful pioneers among the women who have, by entering on new fields of labor, made the way they have found so hard easier for their sisters, Miss Garrett is one of the best exemplifications in her own person of the doctrine of so-called woman's rights, and like our own Anna Dickinson she is content to practice rather than to preach the new theories.

But these successful innovators upon public opinion forget that many of their struggling sisterhood have not the pluck and energy which nature has bestowed upon them, and to which they are indebted for their success, and that for the sake of the many weak ones, the few strong ones should spare no pains to remove the hydra-headed monster of prejudice, the many barriers of custom which effectually bar the way against the progress of the majority of their sex, who, while they groan and sigh under their enforced poverty and dependance, have not the moral courage requisite to go into the new and untried field of self-help and self-support.

OUR OWN EMILY.

The readers of THE REVOLTTION feel so well acquainted with our London correspondent, Miss Emily Faithfull, editor of the *Victoria Magazine*, that they will be glad to know how handsomely she is spoken of by Miss Alice B. LeGeyt in a letter from England to the *Woman's Journal*.

Miss Mary E. Beedy had been saying that the art of oratory had not been cultivated by women in England—a remark to which Miss LeGeyt replies by mentioning that at least *one* woman in England had cultivated this art with extraordinary success: and that was Miss Emily Faithfull. In support of her own flattering opinion of Miss Faithfull's oratorical gifts, she adduces the testimony of the Rev. A. T. D'Orsey, B. D., a London elocutionist, who says:

"I had last night an opportunity of listening to a lecture by Miss Emily Faithfull, which, in addition to sound sense in admirable English, seemed to me a perfect specimen of what *true* elocution is, simple, natural, impressive, with a most pleasing modulation and distinct enunciation."

The Bayswater *Chronicle*, in referring to one of Miss Faithfull's lectures, and particularly to the manner of its delivery, says:

"Miss Faithfull proved herself an accomplished rhetorician, and stood before her audience a living proof of what a rational woman may become. The Rev. Chairman, in thanking the lady lecturer, said that if there was a sphere of employment in which such women as Miss Faithfull may be very profitably employed, it would be in teaching young clergymen to read the church service, which so very few did properly."

The Hampshire *Gazette*, in referring to her lecture on "Woman's Sphere and Woman's Work," says:

"Miss Faithfull is a lady, in the highest and best acceptance of the term, a thoughtful, educated woman, who, believing she has a duty to perform, does that duty in such a manner as to exact the respect and admiration of all those whose respect and admiration is worth anything."

In reference to another lecture of hers the London *Daily News* has the following remarks:

"The spacious lecture theater of the City of London College, Leadenhall street, was crowded last evening with a fashionable audience to hear Miss Emily Faithfull's new lecture on "The Best Society." Mr. Ruskin's well-known description of the book-shelf at the

abode of the best society was the text on which the lecturer founded an address, described afterwards by the Rev Principal as abounding with high eloquence, philosophy, and wit. Except where moved to frequent applause, the audience listened with marked attention, and at the conclusion showed their appreciation of the treat they had enjoyed by several rounds of applause, prolonged until Miss Faithfull returned thanks in a brief supplementary speech. Amongst "The Best Society" to whom the members of the college were introduced were Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Lowell, George Eliot, Proctor, Dickens, Lyon Playfair, Huxley, and other authors, living and dead. A condemnatory criticism of the modern novel found especial favor."

Miss LeGeyt, speaking with great enthusiasm of her friend, says,

"High and low, rich and poor, and even her enemies—and I am sorry to say she has some!—cannot deny that Emily Faithfull's elocution is of the first order."

There was some hope (and, in THE REVOLUTION office, some expectation) that Miss Faithfull would make a brief visit to America during the fall and early winter—filling up, by an American visit, an interval between her English engagements;—but this pleasing hope has been disappointed for the present. The next best thing to Miss Faithfull's tongue is her pen. And our readers will continue to receive (and enjoy) her letters as often as just occasion occurs for her writing. Miss Faithfull has been called the Anna Dickinson of England, though the two women are so unlike that they cannot be justly compared.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

With the soft chimes of Christmas bells in our ears, and the gentle thoughts which the season brings springing into life, we send our heartfelt greetings to the friends and readers of THE REVOLUTION, who, although our connection has been one of months, instead of years, seem personally endeared to us.

So many tokens of encouragement, so many words of cheer have come to us during these closing days of 1870, that we are strengthened and girded for the continued fight we must still wage with prejudice and wrong. Our hands are held high by brave, true helpers all over the land, who cry to us, and bid us be of good cheer.

We have striven to be brave and honest, working for truth's sake, and for that alone; and may our right hand lose its cunning before we adopt the tactics of expediency, or swerve one hair from the straight course we have marked out.

We have suffered from spite, calumny, and detraction, but we have not suffered in vain. We believe the great issues of the woman question are better understood to-day than ever before. All we ask is justice, and the results which justice will inevitably accomplish.

It has been falsely and wickedly said that the tendency of our efforts is to break up and destroy the home. In the light of this sacred Christ Festival, which sheds its brightest lustre about hearth-stones, and blesses little children, and sanctifies every tie that binds the family, we protest against this slander. Our object is mainly to make better homes. We hold that no relation of life is so sacred that it cannot and ought not to be probed to the very centre, to seek the gangrene which may be corroding its life. The family relation is too strongly entrenched in the needs of human nature to suffer from keenest scrutiny. We reverence the home as the source from whence all purity and goodness flow. We thank God for the true homes of this land, and gladly would we convert all such as are not true homes into centres of joy and beneficence. Far be it from us to proclaim that any higher work can come to woman's hands than the creating of a perfect home, where all hearts are attuned to sympathy, where the spirit of true religion reigns, and culture and large benevolence brighten and glow under her influence. But the home creating genius is not given to all women; and thousands never have the opportunity of developing their capablilities in this way; and for such as these we would strive to open other doors of labor and effort, although we believe no woman, however happy, shrined up in sacred affections, as wife and mother, safe and secure above all necessity for rude contact with the world, will not be rendered more blessed in her state by the lever which the woman question has put under her whole sex to raise it up to a high level.

One form has passed away, during this year just closing, whose memory will come reverently, tearfully to many hearts, as the soft Christmas chimes vibrate through the air. The kindly humane genius of Charles Dickens has added a positive brightness to the Christmas board and the Christmas green; his benediction has fallen on the heads of children whom he loved so dearly; and now, when the thought awakes on this most beautiful festival of all the year, that never will another story come to us from his beloved hand, the shadow of a shade of tender regret will creep over our mirth, which will be the tribute he himself would have liked best.

Grateful to our friends and co-workers, and for the many tokens of sympathy and interest which the waning year has brought, we look with assured faith in a brave and confident spirit to what the untried future will unfold for our encouragement in the work which we deem most sacred; and as the bells chime with a thousand silver echoes we say with the poet:

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ARGUMENT.

As Professor Huxley has recently been beaten by a woman, Miss Garrett, in a sharply contested election, it will perhaps be interesting to know upon what ground the great scientist bases his advocacy of woman's rights, if advocacy it can be called. The law which he enunciates, "that no human being can arbitrarily dominate over another without grievous damage to his own nature," would make the most refined selfishness the motive and incentive for right actions. An enlightened being cannot afford to tyrannize over one much lower even in type and organization. Though the inferior being may, perhaps, be much better off in a state of subjection, his higher brother must wash his hands of him, and give him his personal independence for his own good, although "the doctrine of equal natural rights may be an illogical delusion." The idea is that tyranny covers the nature of the tyrant with a blue mould, and therefore self-preservation demands the doing of substantial justice.

Professor Huxley makes the condition of women and negroes parallel cases; and though he is in no wise complimentary to our sex, and although the ground he takes leaves the mind unsatisfied, the conclusion at which he arrives is one from which we do not wish to make an appeal. Professor Huxley may, if he chooses, indulge a covert sneer at the pretensions of women to equality with man in any large sense, as when he indirectly throws a doubt on "passionate tenderness as especially feminine," and does not attempt to deny the startling paradox put forward by some, "that even in physical beauty man is the superior." We are willing to allow the largest latitude of opinion on these subjects, if the belief in our inferiority does not debar us from the rights and privileges which we claim on the ground of humanity and citizenship.

For the last half-century, ever since curiosity began to be excited on the subject of woman, man has been busy in evolving her from his consciousness. In many cases the distorted creations of his own mind have given him excuse for keeping her in a state of subjection. But at last there comes a man who has no superfluous flattery or cajolery to bestow upon the sex, who judges, weighs and measures with keen scientific insight and precision, and yet who demands justice, and nothing but justice, for women.

Professor Huxley does not mince matters in respect to the change sure to follow improved conditions. He says: "Nature's old salique law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected. The big chests and massive brains, the vigorous muscles and stout frames of the best men will carry the day whenever it is worth their while to contest the prizes of life with the best women. And the hardship of it is, that the very improvement of the women will lessen their chances. Better mothers will bring forth better sons, and the impetus gained by the one sex will be transmitted in the next generation to the other."

If nature is destined to take this fine revenge we shall not complain. The question will then be neither man's rights nor woman's rights, but human rights. Dr. Bushnell and others have called our movement a reform against nature. But so far from this being true, we are more than willing to abide by what nature decrees. Give woman as fair a chance as man, with equal educational privileges, and the same freedom; and if then, after time has been allowed to enable her to recover from the long cramp of body and mind which she has suffered, she does not compare favorably with her brother, born and reared under the same circumstances, then, and not till then, will we be willing to pronounce her inferior. No woman has ever yet had as fair a chance as a man would have had under like conditions. In speaking of the manner in which every weakness has been fostered in woman by a shameful system of education, he says:

"Naturally not so firmly strung or so well balanced as boys, girls are in a great measure debarred from the sports and physical exercises which are justly thought absolutely necessary for the full development of the vigor of the more favored sex. Women are by nature more excitable than men—prone to be swept by tides of emotion proceeding from hidden and inward as well as from obvious and external causes; and female education does its best to weaken every physical counterpoise to this nervous mobility—tends in all ways to stimulate the emotional part of the mind, and stunt the rest. We find girls naturally timid, inclined to dependence, born conservatives; and we teach them that independence is unladylike; that blind faith is the right frame of mind, and that whatever we may be permitted, and indeed encouraged, to do to our brother, our sister is to be left to the tyranny of authority and tradition. With few insignificant exceptions, girls have been educated either to be drudges or toys beneath men, or a sort of angels above him. The possibility that the ideal of womanhood lies neither in the fair saint nor the fair sinner; that the female type of character is neither better nor worse than the male, but only weaker; that women are meant neither to be men's guides nor their playthings, but their comrades, their fellows, and their equals so far as nature puts no bar to that equality, does not seem to have entered into the minds of those who have had the conduct of the education of girls."

Thus far we have quoted from Professor Huxley, and we cannot but feel that the qualified approval he gives to our cause is one of the significant signs of the times.

AN APPEAL.

To the Officers and Directors of the Union Ferry Company of Brooklyn as follows:

NATHAN B. MORSE, President.

CYRUS P. SMITH,	S. B. CHITTENDEN,
HENRY E. PIERREPONT,	HENRY R. WORTHINGTON,
JOHN BLUNT,	CHARLES E. BILL,
JOSEPH A PERRY,	JAMES. T. STRANAHAN,
JAMES MCFARLAN,	HORACE B. CLAFLIN,
WALTER N. DEGRAUW,	JAMES A. DEGRAUW,
JAMES HOW,	ABRAHAM B. BAYLIS,
ABEL A. LOW,	E. DODGE.

Gentlemen: We have been advised, through the columns of a prominent Brooklyn daily, to make a strong and direct appeal to you, in your official character, urging you to see to it that the cause of complaint which the ladies of Brooklyn and New York now bring against your company be done away with, by the appointment of a competent officer for each boat, whose business it shall be to practically maintain the prior right of ladies to seats in the cabin designated as especially and exclusively theirs.

It is a patent fact that scarcely a trip is made by any one of your boats, morning and evening, when the crowd of passengers is greatest, that a large number of women are not forced to stand in the place set apart for their convenience, while the seats are unblushingly occupied by men.

The exclusive place designed for women is, in fact, only exclusive in name. It subserves the interests of men quite as largely as of women; while, at the same time, men have an equal share of the boat set apart for their own use, which many steadily refuse to occupy so long as they can find more agreeable quarters in the ladies' cabin.

We, therefore, urge it upon you, collectively and individually, to take steps to maintain the rights of women upon the boats of the different ferry lines under your charge, either by appointing an officer for the ladies' cabin or by some regulation by means of which both sides of the boat appropriated to passengers may be rendered cleanly and agreeable places for the use of women as well as of men. Women only ask equal privileges on your boats with men; but so long as they are denied by custom entrance to the men's cabin, and sitting room in their own, they are obliged to complain bitterly of discourtesy and injustice and of the lax official management of these very important lines of travel.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, the paper to which we referred, in its issue of Saturday, December 17th, urges us to make a personal appeal, by asking you, the officers and directors of the ferry company, whether you wish your own mothers, wives and daughters to stand in the ladies' cabin, while the places rightfully belonging to them are filled with men. We believe you will answer, with one mind and one voice, No; and we shall therefore hope, now that the cause of grievance has been brought directly to your notice, that you will be impelled, by a sense of justice, to take immediate steps towards securing the ladies' cabin primarily to the use of ladies.

—Friends and readers will please notice our clubbing rates, by which we promise to furnish THE REVOLUTION and one or more of the popular periodicals of the day at very low prices.

—*Paniers* were first worn during the reign of Francis I. They were called *vertugadins*,

A CLOTHING EMPORIUM FOR WOMEN.

There are a great many things which women want, it is quite needless to say, and many schemes, co-operative and otherwise, are put forward to relieve the overburdened woman of moderate means, who, besides being her own housekeeper, nurse, and cook, is obliged also to be her own dressmaker and milliner. The number of distinct and separate trades which a woman belonging to the middle class is expected to be skilled in, to some degree, is one reason why many such women never do anything thoroughly well. Versatility of talent is very largely bestowed upon women, and yet there are many who cannot turn a hand to anything and everything, who, if the work of life were more simple, might ably accomplish their appointed share.

The great advantage our foremothers, if so they may be called, enjoyed over us was, that they were exempt from the burden of making and refitting an elaborate wardrobe two or three times a year. It is worse than useless to preach to modern women about returning to the primitive simplicity of a century back. The homespun gown and tow-apron were appropriate and suitable enough for the ancestress many degreesre moved, but they would be simply ridiculous for her great-granddaughter. We do not wish to denounce fashion; we only wish to persuade women to adopt the sensible middle course in fashionable apparel which best subserves health, harmony, beauty, and taste. Tight-lacing, high and narrow heeled shoes, the great burden suspended from the hips instead of from the shoulders, the overheating of some parts of the body and exposure of other parts, the low-necked dresses and sacques now fashionable for winter wear, cannot be too loudly denounced. But there are other matters of fashion which it is useless to fulminate against. Women do not mean to put away trimmings and furbelows. There is an inherent love of ornament in the female mind which, when healthily guided by a cultivated taste, adds much to the delight of life and becomes the source of a fine art. The trimming of gowns [Mr. Richard Grant White has lectured us into saying gown] mixes a peculiarly bitter drop of gall in the cup of many a modern women, and any one who would guarantee to take from off her spirit the load of worry and vexation which this subject causes would win her most devout blessing.

Enormities of fashion are practiced by comparatively few women, and the whole sex is castigated for their follies. Much the larger number of women desire to dress sufficiently well, and to be sufficiently fashionable, avoiding extremes, so as to pass in the crowd without attracting observation. That style of dress which is so fine and harmonious that the attention is is not drawn to details, and people never know what one has on, is really the ideal which the mass of women have in their minds, and which they never attain in their own attire because they have not the correct judgment and taste to guide themselves, and can find no one to act as a guide for them.

It is safe to say that dressmaking is the greatest bane of the ordinary woman's life, and yet no woman is prepared to give up dressing, because she is grievously tormented. We merely state this as a fact without comment. What women now need is a large and well-managed ready-made clothing emporium, conducted by women of taste and skill, where garments can be furnished at a fair advance upon the cost-price of material and manufacture. We go into Stewarts, and the larger dry-goods stores where made-up suits are offered for sale, and see almost nothing of the kind which meets the wants of middle-class women. Most of the suits are overloaded with trimming, and in the extreme of the style, and are marked at such high prices as to be quite beyond the reach of women of moderate means. The wealthy woman stands in no pressing need of such an establishment. She can pay the Mrs. Flynts of this world their exorbitant charges, or send across the ocean to Paris or Brussels, wherever the centre of fashion happens at the moment to be. What we want is an emporium which shall furnish neat, tasteful, thoroughly well-made clothing of all kinds for woman's wear, at charges no more exorbitant in proportion than those at which good ready-made clothing is now furnished to men.

This suggestion opens magnificent business opportunities to women capitalists who wish to do some practical work for the sex. Let a large co-operative store of this kind be started, owned, managed, and carried on by women of experience, taste, and skill, and we believe it would not only be an excellent business investment, but would be immensely influential in putting down the follies and absurdities so much decried, by establishing correct standards of taste.

MENDACITY OF BUSINESS WOMEN.

Gail Hamilton handles her sex pretty roughly, in the columns of the *Independent*, for ignorance, inexactness, and untrustworthiness. "Long ages of experience," she says, "have educated men into a consciousness of the difference between yes and no, but women have yet to learn that they are not one and the same word."

She cites the case of a woman

"Who engages, without condition, to come into your service on a certain day, to remain for a fortnight on trial, and then to decide whether she will continue or relinquish it. This is not an ordeal so severe that human nature cannot be expected to meet it. It is not a promise for life, but for a fortnight. Yet, a day or two before the appointed time, she sends you word that she shall not come, because her son wants her to keep house for him! She does not see that her word is of more consequence than her wish, let alone her son's. She does not see that, even if she repented of her bargain, it is too late to withdraw from it. She does not see that her engagement to a stranger is a reason why she cannot make an engagement with her son, but that her wish to make an engagement with her son is no reason why she should cancel her engagement with the stranger. The very slightness of her promise increases the enormity of breaking it."

We do not wish to offer an excuse for lying in general. A habit of mendacity which lies of itself, so to speak, is about the meanest habit that human nature can contract. All we wish to prove is that the ordinary equivocations of business women do not indicate this double-dyed depravity. The charge made is one of many illustrations of the fact, that there is no large, and thoroughly trained class of women in existence whose business is considered primary in importance to household and domestic work.

In the case cited, why did the son have the face to ask his mother to break her business engagement in order to accommodate him? Simply because he did not realize that a woman's word must be as religiously kept as a

man's; because he applied to her affairs a lower standard of business integrity than he was in the habit of applying to his own.

With women, business has, thus far, been supplemental to housekeeping and family cares. Instead of blaming women for having done so little, and having done it so badly in a business way, we admire them for having, under great disabilities, done so much. The apparent want of truthfulness has arisen partly from the tremendous pressure which is brought to bear upon almost every woman who attempts to have an occupation beyond the family bounds. Such a woman, Briarius like, ought to be hundred-handed. She attempts to tack her business on to the end of her cooking, washing, and baby tending; and when the effort to accomplish more than three ordinary mortals can bring to pass in the given time fails, then it is discovered she has told a lie.

If the dressmaker who drives you to the borders of desperation with a trumped-up excuse, after keeping your finery a week beyond the promised time, had told you the exact truth in regard to the state of things in her family, you never would have given her the work; and she needed the work, and her needs stifled for a moment the instinct of truth in her breast, though, in a general way perhaps, she would have scorned a falsehood.

We once knew a dressmaker addicted to tricks so dark, and ways so vain, that like President Grant we were in danger of losing all faith in human nature, when it chanced that we had occasion to visit her at her own place of residence, a forlorn, shabby little house, with children of all ages tumbling out, front and rear, as in Beard's picture of "The old woman who lived in a shoe." In the room next to the one into which we were ushered was a querulous bed-ridden old mother; a ten months' teething baby lay in a cradle in the corner; in the chamber overhead a drunken husband, as we afterwards learned, was sleeping off the effects of a late spree. We went home, and never made another complaint of that toilsome, much enduring women. We said, "let her lie, and, like St. Lawrence, when she gets done lying on one side, let her lie on the other." If there is any such crime as white lying recorded on the books of Heaven, surely hers would come under that category. How would they compare, think you, with the "not at home," which the indolent lady of fashion puts into the mouth of her servant?

Simple strict business fidelity is about as scarce an article as there is, both with men and women. Thousands of persons of both sexes, who are church members in good and regular standing, and think themselves exemplary Christians, need to be born again, to learn what plain honesty and faithfulness mean.

Seriously speaking, we deplore want of thoroughness, unbusiness-like ways, and a shiftless habit of saying yes when no is meant, as much as Gail Hamilton can. But they come, in a large measure, from the fact that woman's work is not respected. The old notion still prevails, to a great extent, that a woman's time is worth no more than a setting hen's. Woman is more the victim than the wilful wrong-doer in these matters. Man in her place would exhibit a demoralization far more deplorable.

The cure for these evils will come when thorough business women increase in numbers, to such an extent that society recognizes them and demands that they shall be governed by the same rules that govern business men; and also when women are paid such prices for their work that they can afford to hire others to take the load of housekeeping cares, in a large degree, off their shoulders. Integrity and thoroughness will come with the discipline of education.

THE CASE OF MRS. FAIR.

The *St. Paul Dispatch* sets forth, in a very marked and significant manner, the different treatment bestowed by society and courts of justice upon men and women.

We have already spoken with reprobation of the conduct of Mrs. Fair in killing Mr. Crittenden, of San Francisco. No wrongs, however deep-dyed, can possibly excuse the crime of murder; but this case points, in the most incontrovertable manner, to the atrocious system which curses woman with a curse deep and strong for what it excuses and justifies in man.

Mr. Crittenden's relations with Mrs. Fair were perfectly understood in San Francisco. He was known to be a libertine, and yet society recognized him as a gentleman. Women received him in their parlors, and allowed him converse with their pure and innocent daughters. No door, so far as we can learn, was ever closed on him because of his notorious life. But how was Mrs. Fair treated? Not a respectable woman in San Francisco would look at her, and now that she has killed her betrayer, the holy, clean-handed men of the law utterly refuse the ten thousand dollar fee which has been offered for counsel. Unblushingly this was done in the face of the Sickles-Key suit, the Cole-Hiscock suit, and the Macfarland-Richardson affair. The *Dispatch* says the acquittals which followed in these cases "have established the precedent that a man may kill with impunity the destroyer of his family honor, and even be given a first-class foreign mission as a token of respect."

This precedent, which substantially offers a premium for murder in specified cases, is simply monstrous; but it is far more monstrous that woman should be denied the privileges of this precedent. Were it not for the terrible inequality of punishments, the frightful manner in which judgment is wrested, the guilty woman in San Francisco, as says the paper from which we quote, would be considered a heroine.

God help Mrs. Fair! As we have once before remarked, we have no feeling but that of horror and reprobation for the act which she has committed. It was necessary that a woman should make herself the minister of bloody vengeance, to teach the world how wicked bloody vengeance is even when wreaked upon the destroyer, real or imaginary, of family peace and honor. Now that this great and sacred principle of private revenge is about to be impugned, why does not the noble John Graham rush to San Francisco with his carpet-bag stuffed with Bible arguments to prove that nothing but blood shedding can wipe out one kind of injury? Alas, in this case he would be obliged to substitute man for woman, and this fact would take the "pith and marrow" from his enterprise. We do not claim equal rights alone for men and women, we claim equal punishments. So long as Sickles and Macfarland walk the earth free and unrestrained, supported morally by decisions of judges and lawyers, Mrs. Fair, in her San Francisco prison without counsel, is a terribly wronged woman.

A NEW PARTY.

A Western paper, in commenting on Miss Anthony's speech at Detroit, gets off the following brilliant paragraph:

"If Miss Anthony is correct in her premises and her logical processes, and most women are as we all know, the future of women's suffrage is not brilliant. In fact, we do not see how it is to be established at all, under the present condition of things, as described by Miss Anthony. For, if men cannot be induced to leave their present political connections for the sake of voting for women's suffrage, then that cause must depend for its success upon the women. But the women cannot vote, and, according to Miss Anthony, until they can vote there is no hope of their ever getting their right to vote, because the present voters will not vote to let them vote. Since the boy was forbidden to go into the water until he had learned to swim, no more effectual injunction upon aspiration and enthusiasm has been issued than this absolute veto which Miss Anthony has pronounced upon the enfranchisement of women."

Now, it is barely possible that there are thoughtful, patriotic, honest men enough in and out of both parties who have become dissatisfied and disgusted with the Republican and Democratic organizations, and may, in the near future, be prepared to give woman the ballot, and to join hands with her in the work of cleansing our political sloughs. If there is any hope for the country, it seems to lie in this direction. The new party, we firmly believe, will be the woman's party; but it will also be the party which will absorb the purest elements of masculine patriotism and political honor that exist in the land, doing the work of winnowing and sifting, which the Republican party did in the beginning of the war.

—A correspondent of the *Christian World* writes:

"The first appearance of the Marquis of Lorne as a candidate for parliament was made on February 8th, 1868, in the pleasant little town of Dunoon, and though he modestly remembered he was a very young man, being then only turned twenty-two, and seemed to avoid the saying of smart things, it was apparent that he took an independent view of most questions, and was able to give pithy expression to his opinions. He announced that he would vote in favor of giving the franchise to women."

The sympathies of the Princess Louise are understood to be warmly enlisted in the cause of the elevation of the condition of her sex. It is possible that the liberal sentiments of the Marquis of Lorne may have commended him to the favor of this amiable and accomplished princess, and helped to win for him the honor and happiness on which the whole country is just now congratulating him.

—The shortest cut to the grave is taken by thousands who, with common prudence, might live to enjoy a green old age. Why will people neglect a cold? The great Abernethy pronounced a fixed cough only one degree less dangerous than the plague. Yet it is as certainly controllable, as readily extinguished, by the use of *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*, as fire is by the play of the Croton. Delay not an hour in applying the remedy. It requires but a short time for the lungs to congest; for the tubercles to form; for death to ensue. The great specific is obtainable of all druggists at 50 cents and $1. Great saving by buying large size.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

We, the undersigned, desiring to secure a full discussion of the question of the enfranchisement of women during the present session of Congress, with a view to the speedy passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, invite all men and women desiring this change in the Constitution to meet us in convention for that purpose in the city of Washington on the 11th and 12th of January next. Eminent speakers will be present from all parts of the country, including several members of Congress, and plans of work will be presented and discussed.

We earnestly urge you, dear friends, to come together at this time in a spirit of unselfishness and of hard work, and let us take one another by the hand and move onward as never before.

PAULINA W. DAVIS,
JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

N. B.—All letters concerning this convention may be addressed to

MISS ISABELLA B. HOOKER,
Hartford, Conn.

(Friendly editors, please copy.)

INTERNATIONAL PEACE MEETING.

A very important meeting was held at Union League Hall, during the day and evening of December 23d, to discuss the propriety of calling a World's Congress of Women in behalf of international peace. Among those present were

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Lucretia Mott, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Alfred H. Love, President, and Dr. Henry T. Child, Secretary of the Universal Peace Union; Aaron M. and Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Cora Hatch Tappan, W. C. Bryant, the Hon. George W. Julian, Mrs. Phebe M. Kelsey, and others.

Aaron M. Powell, in behalf of the Executive Committee, made the following nominations for permanent officers, which were unanimously approved: President, Julia Ward Howe; Vice-Presidents, William Cullen Bryant, Lucretia Mott, Henry Ward Beecher, George W. Julian, Richard S. Howland, Prof. T. S. Upham, Gerrit Smith, Mrs. F. D. Gage, Isabella Beecher Hooker, the Rev. Abel Stevens, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Alfred H. Love, Judge J. W. Edmonds, Mrs. Amy Post; Secretaries, Mary F. Davis, F. B. Sanborn, Anna Rice Powell, Henry T. Child; Treasurer, George Cabot Ward.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made an effective address, in which she reverently mentioned the infirm and aged workers in the reforms of the past who now are unable to put their hands to this holy work of peace. John Stewart Mill, it appears, has sent a "friendly and courteous letter," in which he disapproves the plan of a separate congress for women. This seems to have come from a misapprehension of Mrs. Howe's plan; for although the congress is called by women, men and women are to take equal part.

In spite of discouragements, Mrs. Howe says:

"God willing and husband permitting, I will visit England next spring, in the hope of holding there a meeting which shall have some characteristic and representative value. I shall hope that some valorous woman will go with me, and that our sisters in England and elsewhere will not refuse us the right hand of fellowship."

At the close of her preliminary speech, Mrs. Howe read a formal appeal to the women of America.

The New York *Tribune* says:

"Mrs. Lucretia Mott hoped that the address would be adopted, and that the women present would show themselves worthy of the duties which were claimed for them. Women should show that their faith in moral warfare was as strong as man's faith in physical warfare. In the anti-slavery struggle men had learned how mighty were the weapons of discussion in pulling down the strongholds of error. An earnest protest must be made against the barbarous appeal to the sword. We advocate the principle of peace and good will quite irrespective of sex."

"The Rev. O. B. Frothingham said that it was for women, as lovers of humanity and aspirants for the Kingdom of Heaven, to take the initiative in a movement of peace. Franklin was profoundly in earnest as a fighting colonel, and quite as thoroughly in earnest as a peace-maker, and with the same inconsistency men talk of peace, and yet take up arms. No war was ever inevitable, unless ignorance, stupidity and brutality are inevitable. War is said to educate heroes. Not so; the education of heroes is the distillation of peace and piety. A military hero is never worth what he costs, in lives, and blighted fields, and desolate homes. Genuine heroism will come out in Heaven's fashion, and not in Hell's. Let the Congress, in behalf of International Peace, be summoned in the Heavenly City, the center of the whole earth, Jerusalem, where the traditions of the old time may be renewed, and the Christmas song of the angels may echo around the world.

"Addresses were also made by Mrs. Burleigh, President of the Brooklyn Women's Club; Mrs. Wilbur, President of the Sorosis; A. H. Love, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Cora Hatch Tappan, and H. T. Child."

The *Tribune*, true to its policy of blowing both hot and cold as the spirit moves, now says that "the tendency of such movements, particularly when led by cultured humanitarians like those presiding on this occasion, is to educate public sentiment to more intense hatred of war, and for this reason they are not wholly useless."

We can see indirect good in the terrible war now desolating France, which has been the occasion of Mrs. Howe's sublime protest, added to the heartbroken cry of Mme. de Gasparin. The action of these noble women and their co-workers is like the opening of a new seal in the mighty vision of the Apostle, and the shedding abroad of a new spirit over the earth which shall conquer the sanguinary fiend of ambitious and unscrupulous rulers, and beat swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks.

CÆSAR'S WIFE'S OPINION.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

The last editorial in *The Independent* from Mr. Tilton's pen, previous to his valedictory, treated of some aspects of the woman question, and we give it in full as follows:

"Passing through the Gallery of Fine Arts, we saw a marble image of Julius Cæsar. Gazing at it, we thought of Pompeia, his wife. This was because Cæsar said that Cæsar's wife should be not only above reproach, but above suspicion. Our wonder always was that Pompeia's dull wit did not fling back the taunt, and ask Cæsar to answer by what law of morals a wife was expected to be better than her husband, or a woman compelled to be purer than a man.

"Knowing Cæsar's opinion of Cæsar's wife, we can only guess at Cæsar's wife's opinion of Cæsar. History, although it has recorded the one, has pitifully missed the other. A comparison of the two (had we the two to compare) would "point a moral and adorn a tale,"

"But, though we do not know what Cæsar's wife's opinion *was*, we know what it *ought* to have been. We are sometimes told that a wife's opinion ought to be the same as her husband's. It ought to have been the same in this case. Or, rather, it ought to have been the same with a supplement. Cæsar said that Cæsar's wife ought to be not only above reproach, but above suspicion. Cæsar told just one-half the truth. Cæsar's wife should have added the other half—answering proudly: 'So, too, Pompeia's husband must be not only above reproach, but above suspicion.'

Cæsar's opinion has too long stood alone; it now needs Cæsar's wife's opinion to stand beside it. Cæsar's opinion has had the effect to make the world lax in its pardons of men and severe in its punishments of women; Cæsar's wife's opinion should now demand that the world's moral standard for the criticism of women must be administered with impartial justice to the conduct of men.

"Take a case. A woman (say one of Cæsar's numerous wives) makes a journey to New York. Arriving in the night, and alone, she goes to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asks for a lodging. The immaculate clerk eyes her askance, and replies: 'No, you cannot lodge here.' 'Why?' she inquires. 'Well,' says he stammeringly, 'it was Cæsar, I think, who said that a woman must be not only above reproach, but above suspicion.' In other words, a woman whom Cæsar's clerk suspects, cannot lodge at Cæsar's hotel.

"Take another case. In a novel lately published, the heroine was a girl who, early in life, had made a misstep which she immediately repented of, and who, several years afterward, ventured to marry without confessing to her husband the indiscretion of her youth. A fierce book-critic made this incident the occasion of a tirade on all women who do not before their marriage confess their stains to their stainless lords. Now, why did this critic make such a criticism? It was simply because (poor, ignorant philosopher!) he had been taught by Cæsar's epigram that there was one code of morals for Cæsar, and another for Cæsar's wife.

"Take a third case. An elegant gentleman of the best society, wearing his velvet coat of latest style, and beating his thighs with his cane (as the parson did the lilies in Longfellow's 'Birds of Killingworth,") paced last summer up and down his favorite piazza at Newport, and under the chaste influence of a moonlight evening cast a more than midnight shadow on a woman better than himself, by idly remarking that she has a 'damaged reputation.' Now, what led this man to indulge, without evidence, in such slander? It was simply because he had been brought up from his youth under a morality which, while it could be respectably defied by Cæsar, was nevertheless a necessary tenure of reputation to Cæsar's wife.

"Following out these illustrative instances, let us now ask, What if, instead of Cæsar's wife, Cæsar's self had gone to the hotel? Would the clerk, before venturing to give Cæsar a night's lodging, have inquired into Cæsar's character for virtue? Fancy the young mustachios who keep the register of the La Farge House, or the St James, curiously making inquisition into the chill chastity of the male travelers whom they are happy to provide for (without regard to moral merits) at four dollars and a half a day! Now, in the name of all the virtues, we ask, Why should the economy of a hotel make a distinction between the soul's rectitude of Cæsar and of Cæsar's wife?

"Or, taking the heroine in the aforesaid novel, we ask, 'What if the *hero* of that same melodrama had committed a similar indiscretion, and had afterward married without confessing the faults of his youth? Would this book-critic have come out against the man as he came out against the woman? Not he! On the contrary, he would probably have said (as most people say) that the best thing to be done by a 'gay Lothario' is to marry some pure woman, turn over a new leaf, and make the best of life. Now, why in all this should Cæsar be held to any less rigidity of righteousness than Cæsar's wife?

"Or, as to our Newport gallant who (not entitled to a white name of his own) flings his accusing epithets at some woman whom he ought to shelter rather than shame—suppose other people should be able to point out, in him, the same spots and flaws which, in her, suffice to create 'a damaged reputation.' We want to know why *his* reputation in that case should pass as any less 'damaged' than *hers?* In other words, why should a reflection which is harmless to Cæsar be fatal to Cæsar's wife?

"We propound three recapitulary inquiries: First, if a bad man can get a good room at a hotel, why should not just as bad a woman get just as good a room? Second, if either in romance or real life a soiled white dove cannot be allowed to conceal *her* stains from her cooing mate, why should not the mate have *his* plumage also searched for similar soilure? Third, if it is so easy to damage a woman's reputation, why should it require more criminality to damage a man's?

"Holding these fanatical notions we confess that, while we stood before the sculptured Cæsar, we gave it a somewhat harder look than we received from its lifeless yet lively stone. It seemed to stand on its black-veined pedestal as the monument of a false philosophy—the exponent of a sham morality. We actually asked ourselves whether Cæsar's military conquests had changed the world's political status as much as his fallacious *bon mot* had corrupted the world's moral judgment.

"Turning to come away, we found ourselves suddenly confronting another statue—the benignant features which Thorwaldsen carved of Him who said: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' The mute stone seemed to borrow the living tongue of Him who 'spake as never man spake,' and to reutter the all-searching words, '*With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.*'

"And we fancied that the rebuke was addressed equally to Cæsar and to Cæsar's wife."

THE PRINCE OF ADVERTISERS.—Not many papers which come to our editorial sanctum that do not contain the advertisement of Helmbold, the great "Buchu man," of New York. Beginning life a poor boy, he has risen to the position of one of the most extensive dealers in drugs and medicines in New York, by his perseverance, under the most discouraging circumstances, and the free use of printers' ink. We have seen it stated that his expense for advertising for the year 1866 will not fall short of $150,000. He has the utmost faith in its benefits, or he would not venture such a fortune, which, to many, seems like "throwing money to the winds;" but far different with him. He says he knows he will reap his money back, with more added. Advertisers and all others should give this suggestion a thought.—*Daily Times, N. Y.*

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.—*Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing safety and success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels, and wind colic. By giving health to the child, it rests the mother.

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If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

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SISTERS OF CHARITY AS PHYSICIANS.

There are, it seems, twenty-seven thousand communes in France, in which neither doctors nor apothecaries reside, and in nearly all these there are sisters of charity, who not only repair as nurses to the bedside of the sick, but keep their stock of medicines and remedies, and are regularly called upon for advice and prescriptions, which they dispense to the best of their powers. This system, arising from necessity, is so natural that it might tend to increase the opinion that it is good for women to learn medicine, and, above all, some branches of it. It is evident that it would be a cruelty to many to interdict the aid these sisters afford to the sick, and yet such practice of medicine is illegal, and fraught with dangers. What remains, then, but to render it trustworthy by study and properly established laws?

—Macaulay, of the Rochester *Democrat*, writes as follows concerning the condition and prospects of the working girls of New York:

"The autumn just closing has been a very dull season, and most branches of employment have been diminished. Claflin & Co., who usually employ large numbers of girls in their cloak department, discharged most of them early in the season. The stamping establishments, whose imitation of embroidery has been so very popular, has also discharged large numbers. The book trade has been very slack, and hundreds, if not thousands of book-folders and paper-stitchers, have been idle. The perfumery business is greatly reduced, and even dressmaking, which improves as winter fashions prevail, is unusually dull. The highest price paid for women's wages is $5 per week—that is, on an average. A very capable hand in some shops can make $7, but there are few that reach that figure. The cheapest rate of board is $3.50, and the reader can form an idea of the chance these girls have of saving anything."

—In the beginning, God gave the race, women as well as men, "dominion and government." Where do we men get the right to say that these 5,000 women shall not have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed? "Taxation without representation is tyranny," you know. *Muscle* has already been enfranchised; the negroes at the South vote in regiments, battalions, and platoons. Why not now enfranchise brains?—*Topeka (Kansas) Commonwealth.*

—The Calmuck maiden hangs shells in her ears. She has no eyebrows, a broad, flat nose and enormous ears. She is fond of tobacco, and outstrips her male competitor in a race.

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It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.
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It leaves no disagreeable odor.

LOSS OF HAIR.

BOSTON, July 19.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocoaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.

Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.

She was induced to try your Cocoaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

With respect, WILLIAM S. EDDY.

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FREE AND EASY IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

Grace Greenwood writes as follows of the manners and customs of our national law-makers:

"The excellent Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. French, has been very busy this fall, preparing for the return of honorable gentlemen, by cleaning and repairing and by new and costly upholstery. The carpets and rugs of his providing are something quite sumptuous. But I noticed that these great men did not seem in the least dazzled by the Royal Wilton and Axminster splendors under their feet. Indeed, one or two of them seemed so much at ease and at home that they reminded me of a certain old Yankee dame's pathetic reminiscence of an agreeable young neighbor, who was unfortunately 'drowned' on a fishing voyage. With many a sigh she was wont to say, "I never did see sich a pleasant-mannered, sociable young man as Seth Jones was in all my days! He would come to our house, and set down in our best room, and take my rocking-cheer, and a chaw out of father's tobacker box, and put his feet up on the mantel-shelf, and spit all around, jest pleasant and comfortable!"

—Whether women are better as a class than men is an open question; but one thing seems certain, that they are more exacting in all questions of social order and morality. It will not be easy to induce a woman to vote for a man notoriously wicked, and even in his own district Morrissey would probably have never gone to Congress had the election been decided by women. The conscience lies close to action among most of American women, and we certainly cannot believe that the ballot will metamorphose them. There seems to be a general idea that the moment the polls are open to them they are going to become rampant, red-hot politicians, and that all their old fields of work will be left in the dim distance as they march in close column to all kinds of unwomanly occupations.—*Phila. Post.*

—An Indian paper nominates for Vice-Presidentess of the United States for the next term Mrs. Annie Readfeather, Chieftainess of the tribe of *Morogantiwits.*

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AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

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We recommend the two following publications for the coming holidays, being especially adapted for presents to, as well as by, the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the woman's movement:

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Mrs. Child, in a letter to the *National Standard* of Nov. 12, 1870, says of these portraits: "I hope the print now issued will sell so extensively that Mr. Prang will be induced to publish another as a pendant to it, in which Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Abby Kelly Foster, Angelina Grimke Weld, Caroline M. Severance and Gail Hamilton will be represented. Doctor Harriet K. Hunt also deserves an honorable place among 'Representative Women.'"

OUR WOMEN WARRIORS.—Steel Engraving by F. Halpin and S. V. Hunt, after a painting by Eastman Johnson. Size of Plate, 26x32 in.

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The picture represents a nurse writing a letter at the dictation of a sick soldier, who is lying on a cot under the shade of a large tree.

The letter by Mrs. Child, quoted above, speaks of it as follows: "It is a very impressive picture, prophetic of the fast-coming supremacy of the moral sentiments over brute force. It says, more plainly than words could say it, that so long as man is uncivilized enough to keep up the barbarism of war, woman has a work to perform in the tented field as arduous as his, and far more elevated in its character. I wish every soldier wounded in defence of the Union could have a copy of this picture, as a visible representation of the most sacred memories of his life in camp."

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 29, 1870.

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Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Billiary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price $1.00. LABORATORY—142 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md. o6 1y

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—"Leather weddings" are the style in Connecticut.

—The height of a Pi Ute's ambition is to marry a woman with a winter's store of dried grasshoppers.

—The sign in church vestibules, "Young ladies will please not eat chestnuts during service," is indigenious to the State of Illinois.

—"Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart." "Did she, indeed. The dear girl! I wish I was that circumstance."

—"Dear me! how heartily tired I am of this mourning," said a fashionable lady to her maid. "Jane, who is it I am in mourning for?"

—Stiggens, the new married man, says his wife is a perfect rose. The only drawback in his happiness is that she blows out a "leetle" too often.

—A Cincinnati child tied crape on the door-knob to see if the carriages would come to take her out riding, as they did the family across the street.

—"Fancy," said Sydney Smith to some ladies when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological gardens had caught a cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

—At a late revival meeting, an impulsive young convert prayed that God would bless the two young ladies between whom he had been sitting—"especially the one on the right."

—"It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon," says Dickens, "and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last."

—At a christening, while the minister was making his certificate, he inquired the day of the month, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, but it's only the thirteenth!"

—A Michigan bridegroom failed to appear at the appointed time, but sent a note, saying that he didn't feel well enough acquainted with her to marry. Her father went and gave him a formal introduction with his boot, and the performance went right on.

—A clergyman, reading a chapter in the Bible for his congregation, found himself at the bottom of the page with the words, "And the Lord gave Noah a wife;" then turning over two pages instead of one, he continued, "and he pitched her within and without with pitch."

—A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dyestuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera, sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name; I want three cents' worth."

—A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dinner, she said: "I've been to see Mrs.——" "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy! Well, I think she ought to be; she has a camel's-hair shawl, two third's border."

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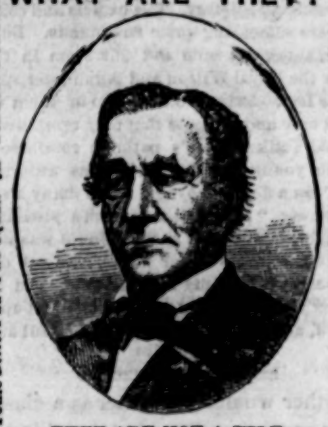

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